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Like all Mr. Perkins's other works on France this is a reader's book ; it lures one on from paragraph to paragraph and chapter to chapter. The student who is interested in the administrative side of the period may quarrel with the arrangement of matter which hides away important administrative changes among other things of less moment. For example, the explanation of the larger use of intendants during Richelieu's administration is crowded in between remarks on public education and upon the rise of the press. There is room for a difference of opinion upon the relative importance of such matters, but there is hardly any phenomenon of French political life of greater moment than the rigorous subordination of local authorities to the central government, and so the causes of this system are particularly interesting. Occasionally it seems that Mr. Perkins must be studying the seventeenth century from the standpoint of later times, rather than from that of the historic development of the French administrative and economic system. He refers to the exemption of the land of the nobility from the *taille* as if this were surprising, but not two centuries had elapsed since the king had taken from the nobility their ancient right to the *taille*. It was too early for the nobility to be asked to become themselves *taillable*. In giving Richelieu credit for his successful attempts to build an effective navy Mr. Perkins somewhat exaggerates the power of the fleet which was constructed. He says, "Probably it could have met on equal terms the navy of any other European nation." But this was the period of the greatest effectiveness of the Dutch fleet, which, according to Captain Mahan, remained until 1674 equal to the French and English fleets combined. These are minor matters which in no way affect the interest or the value of the book as a biography of Richelieu.

HENRY E. BOURNE.

*Oliver Cromwell.* By JOHN MORLEY, M.P. (New York : Century Company. 1900. Pp. xiv, 486.)

*Oliver Cromwell.* By THEODORE ROOSEVELT. (New York : Charles Scribner's Sons. 1900. Pp. x, 260.)

MR. MORLEY'S book is the result of very careful study ranging over the whole field of Cromwellian literature. He shows not only that thorough acquaintance with the writings of Mr. Gardiner and Mr. Firth which is indispensable to everyone who now approaches the subject, but he has tested their conclusions by an examination of so much of the source material as has been printed and is easily accessible. His labors have been so indefatigable that where he differs in opinion from these two "giants of research" we may assume that the difference is intentional and in no case due to mere carelessness. Such thoroughness is a remarkable achievement for so busy a man as Mr. Morley, but it has an inevitable limitation. It is manifestly impossible for even a Morley to examine *all* the sources for the period without giving up his life to the task, or even to examine *all* the sources bearing upon merely the more im-

portant problems which constantly pressed upon him for solution. In just so far, therefore, his conclusions will rest upon insecure foundations. Mr. Morley's variations from the conclusions of Mr. Gardiner and Mr. Firth are numerous and are in general in the way of disparagement of Cromwell's motives. In the case of the Self-Denying Ordinance, both Mr. Gardiner and Mr. Firth look upon Cromwell's actions as straightforward and sincere, while to Mr. Morley they appear "oblique." Mr. Morley is also not entirely convinced of Cromwell's complete ignorance of the proposed disbanding of Barebone's Parliament. Since Mr. Morley's conclusions have the disadvantage of resting upon more or less incomplete information, he will not take it ill if they are forced to run the gauntlet of a somewhat severer scrutiny than would otherwise be the case. In general, it may be said that those who know Cromwell best have the most favorable opinion of both his sincerity and his intentions.

Mr. Morley has the true historian's gift of sympathy. Not only Cromwell but the minor characters are real and move in the real world of the seventeenth century. It is seldom indeed that an incident is taken out of its historical setting and judged by modern standards. One case may be mentioned where something very like this took place, where the full weight of Cromwell's mistaken Irish policy is thrown upon his own shoulders, whereas Mr. Morley himself knows well that Cromwell was in this as in so many of his mistakes a typical Englishman of his time. But in general it may be said that Mr. Morley has satisfactorily solved the difficult task of giving to his figure a historical background.

Mr. Morley's historical method differs in two particulars from that of the more severe school of modern historians. He looks at history from a strongly moral point of view. He still believes that it is the province of the historian not merely to explain but to administer praise and blame. Some of the most interesting passages in the book are in answer to Carlyle, who also praised and blamed, but erratically. The historian of the present day is inclined to look askance at such judgments, because of the danger one runs of trying former ages by the standards of our own. He is not so much concerned to pass judgment on the righteousness of an historical action, as he is anxious correctly to understand it. If he can explain just what happened, why it happened, and what consequences followed, he is satisfied. In the case of Mr. Morley, furthermore, the interests of the statesman sometimes control the interests of the historian, and even color his views. Current questions of English politics, the Irish question, imperialism, appear furtively in his pages, and few of his readers will wish them gone. They offer a departure, however, from the severer historical method of exposition, since they are usually not history but politics. This is intended, however, merely as a distinction, not as a criticism.

Mr. Morley must be pleased with the way in which the publishers have done their part. It is a book of rare beauty, filled with some sixty well-executed portraits. The general literary public, for whom the work is primarily intended, will be delighted by the breadth of view, the im-

partial judgment and finished style which it has learned to expect in Mr. Morley's books. The historian will read it with pleasure and profit, but the serious student will return with undiminished loyalty to his Gardiner and his Firth.

One does not read many pages in Mr. Roosevelt's book without grave misgivings. The only authorities he sees fit to mention are Macaulay and Carlyle. Nothing is said of Mr. Gardiner or of Mr. Firth, whose writings it may be said with hardly an exaggeration, have superseded all others. Mr. Roosevelt might plead, to be sure, that life is short and Gardiner is long, but the obvious answer would be that anyone who has not time to read and re-read Mr. Gardiner's delightful though voluminous pages has not time to write a life of Cromwell. It would be rash to assert that Mr. Roosevelt has not read them, but it is safe to say that he has done so to no particular purpose. To him, Laud is a "small narrow man" with a "silly" policy of enforced uniformity. Wentworth is a traitor to the Parliamentary cause who "had obtained his price" from the King. Cromwell is a noble man whose early promise was blasted by personal ambition, "cursed with a love of power."

Mr. Roosevelt is ill at ease in the seventeenth century. It is in fact a hard century to understand since it is enough like our own to mislead us continually by false analogies. But Mr. Roosevelt's method of avoiding the difficulty by substituting the modern analogy in every case and arguing quietly upon that, is the worst possible. The book may in fact be described as a slight thread of Cromwellian narrative, taken from more or less old-fashioned writers, explained and amplified by references to Mr. Roosevelt's own experiences and to events of American history, especially of recent American history. Sometimes the analogies are utterly misleading, sometimes the transitions are so sudden and unexpected as to border upon the comic. One does not get far in the following without exclaiming, "The Germans of New York!" "The Puritan fashion for regulating, not merely the religion, but the morals and the manners of their neighbors, especially in the matter of Sunday observance and pastimes generally, was peculiarly exasperating to men of a more easy-going nature. Even nowadays, the effort for practical reform in American city government is rendered immeasurably more difficult by the fact that a considerable number of the best citizens are prone to devote their utmost energies, not to striving for the fundamentals of social morality, civic honesty, and good government, but, in accordance with their own theory of propriety of conduct, to preventing other men from pursuing what these latter regard as innocent pleasures; while, on the other hand, a large number of good citizens, in their irritation at any interference with what they feel to be legitimate pastimes, welcome the grossest corruption of misrule rather than submit to what they call 'Puritanism.'" This is harmless enough. A much more serious case is where Cromwell's constitutional difficulties are compared to those of Washington and Lincoln and he is judged harshly for not ruling as constitutionally as they did. One will look long for a book in which one

period of history is so systematically judged by the light of another. To Mr. Roosevelt, recent progress may be summed up in the two phrases religious and political liberty, and he looks at every event of the seventeenth century through these spectacles. The result is a distinct curiosity in historical literature. Externally, the book is a handsome volume, uniform in binding with the author's *Rough Riders*. It has numerous illustrations, for the most part interesting and well chosen, though the propriety of including fanciful battle-scenes by a modern illustrator may well be questioned.

GUERNSEY JONES.

*Napoleon: The Last Phase.* By Lord ROSEBERY. (New York: Harper and Brothers. 1901. Pp. 284.)

To read a book by an Englishman which treats without prejudice the *dirus Hannibal* of Great Britain yields one a novel pleasure. After Waterloo, Napoleon's life presents little which interests the student of his greater deeds; for except to check off historical misstatements, the sifting of the years in St. Helena is barren. Yet Lord Rosebery has made a readable volume by his discrimination in awarding praise and blame. Except for short digressions on the great Corsican's loss of balance by superhuman successes, on his "supreme regrets," and on the estimate of man, ruler and captain, Lord Rosebery confines himself to a marshalling of evidence, and a description of the *dramatis personae*. He handles Sir Hudson Lowe, that "unfit representative of Britain," without gloves. Living in the only good residence on the island, with a salary of £12,000 a year, "hapless and distracted Lowe" was a childish, petty tyrant of the great prisoner in his charge, for the maintenance of whose *entourage* of fifty-one people in a collection of huts which had been constructed as a cattle-shed, a paltry £8,000 was awarded—though later this pittance was increased. "There are few names in history so unfortunate as Lowe's." His absence of gentlemanly instincts and his quarrelsomeness made a difficult situation intolerable, and covered him with ridicule worse than ignominy.

Of Napoleon's suite each member is fairly characterized: sympathetic Grand Marshal Bertrand and his lovely wife; the voluminous, Boswellian, but mysterious and unreliable Las Cases; suave Montholon, the blind devotee; mendacious Antonmarchi, the physician, and O'Meara, M.D., of the long and worthless book; that "fretful porcupine" Gourgaud, whose impertinences, because of his devotion, Napoleon so patiently overlooked, and who in his lachrymose diary has unwittingly given us a picture of the Emperor in his last years "almost brutal in its raw realism." What has been written of this period also comes in for criticism: Warden's literary inventiveness, the fabrications of Santini, the so-called *Letters from the Cape*, Lady Malcolm's *Conversations from Napoleon* and others. Scott's estimate of the great man is weighed and found wanting. If only for its culling-out of historical myths and lies, the book would have a distinct value.